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Woody the cowboy doll opened one eye, then the other. The sun was up and Andy had already left for school. Since the house was quiet, Woody knew that it was safe for the toys to move around. Woody sat upright and stretched. “Good morning!” he called out.

He dropped off Andy’s bed and walked around the room, greeting the other toys who were awake. “How ya doing, Buzz?” Woody asked the space ranger. “Hiya, Rex. Howdy, Bo Peep. Looking good, Slink.”

But his footsteps slowed as he came full circle back to Andy's bed. Something was wrong. Woody looked around the room. "Where's Hamm?" he asked. The piggy bank was nowhere in sight.

The toys all stopped what they were doing. Hamm? No one had seen him since last night! "I heard his coins rattle as he was settling down to sleep," Rex said. "Did anyone see—or hear—him after that?" Woody asked.

Each toy thought for a minute. Then slowly, they all shook their heads. No one had seen Hamm.

Buzz jumped to his feet. “We must form a search party!” he said. “Remember that time Slinky fell behind the dresser and we didn’t find him for two days?”

“That was scary!” Slinky Dog piped up.

“Something like that may have happened to Hamm,” Buzz went on. “Let’s scope out every inch of this room!”

The toys gathered around Buzz and Woody, who gave each of them a place to search. Jessie and Bullseye checked the toy chest. The Green Army Men climbed the dresser. RC and Rex rolled back the rug.

The Little Green Aliens searched around Andy's desk. They even climbed into each drawer to make sure Hamm hadn't been closed inside. Woody and Bo Peep looked under the bed. Bo's sheep went over to the dark corner where the bedspread bunched up.

The aliens found the first sign of Hamm on Andy's desk. "Oooh!" they chimed, pointing to a small pile of coins next to the pencil holder.

"Good work!" Woody said. He ran up to the pile. Had Hamm lost his coins? They could have just fallen out. Or they could have been loose change that Andy hadn't put in his piggy bank yet. Or maybe, Andy had decided he didn't need a piggy bank anymore.

Woody exchanged a worried glance with Buzz.

The toys gathered around Woody and Buzz, waiting to hear what they should do next.

"What does this mean?" Slinky Dog asked.

"How could Hamm have lost his coins?" Jessie asked, shaking her head.

"What if Andy doesn't want a piggy bank anymore?" Rex asked nervously.

“Now, hold on a minute,” Woody said. He didn’t want the other toys to panic. “These couple of coins don’t mean anything . . . yet. We need to keep looking.”

“Our mission is to explore the whole house to see if our friend has left us anymore clues,” Buzz said. “Hamm could be in the kitchen or the attic or the laundry room. . . . But if he’s anywhere in this house we’ll find him!”

“Everyone needs a buddy,” Woody said as the toys moved toward the door of Andy’s room. “We don’t want any more lost toys out there. And when you’ve finished searching your area, meet us right back here.”

Before the toys went off to search, Bo Peep came over to Woody. “Good luck, Sheriff,” she said. She gave him a kiss on the cheek. “I know you’ll bring Hamm home safely.”

Sarge and the Green Army Men were first down the stairs. They moved slowly, hardly making a sound. But the other toys clattered behind them, with Buzz charging down the stairs after Slinky Dog, whose coils clinked with each step. The Little Green Aliens took the steps one at a time.

At the bottom of the stairs, the toys spread out around the house. Rex searched the pantry. Wheezy and the aliens went to the kitchen. Woody and Buzz went to the living room with Sarge and his men.

Before Woody and Buzz could begin to search the living room for clues, they heard a cry.

"*Waaaah,*" Rex wailed from the hallway. "This isn't good."

Woody and Buzz raced out to the hallway. They saw the dinosaur standing beside a pile of coins—three pennies and a quarter. At first, Woody couldn't see anything different about this pile. Then he bent down to pick up a coin. They were wet.

"What is it?" Buzz asked as Woody turned the coin over in his hands. "Do you think it's dog slobber?"

"What?" Rex cried. "You mean Buster took Hamm? Oh, no! I always knew that dog was out to get one of us. And now he has! Oh, poor Hamm!"

"Calm down, Rex," Woody said, trying to stay calm himself. He didn't want to alarm the other toys until they had more information. "Before we tell the others about this pile, let's see what other clues we can find."

Woody walked into the living room with Buzz and Rex. “Any signs of Hamm?” he called out.

“Sir, yes sir!” Sarge responded. He and his men were on the couch. “The troops have found a trace of the missing-in-action toy up here,” Sarge said.

Buzz and Woody climbed up on the couch. On the cushions was a cluster of coins. Woody added them up. “Thirteen cents,” he said and

shook his head. “Poor Hamm!”

Buzz turned to Sarge. “We also found something in the hallway,” he said in a low voice. “There were some coins that were . . . wet.”

“Wet?” Sarge yelled.

“Shhh,” Buzz hissed. “Just come take a look.”

They had just jumped down off the couch when one of the Green Army Men sounded the alarm. “Car!” he shouted. “In the driveway—

coming fast! It’s Andy and his mom.”

Woody looked at Buzz, and Buzz looked at Woody. “Upstairs! Quick!” Woody yelled. All the toys raced up the steps as fast as they could. Just as they slid into their places in Andy’s room, they heard the front door slam.

Seconds later, Andy dashed into the room. He threw his backpack on the floor, then ran to his toy box. He tossed aside some blocks and other

toys until he found what he was looking for. “Here it is!” he said, pulling out his baseball and glove. He ran back out of the room again.

When the coast was clear, the toys came back to life. They all turned to look at Woody.

“What’s the plan now, Sheriff?” Buzz asked.

“We’ll have to wait until night to search the rest of the house, including the basement,” Woody said. His shoulders drooped. What if they never found Hamm?

The toys fell silent. Then, they heard a noise—*clink, clink, clank, clink.*

“What was that?” Rex asked. Woody turned his head. The noise was coming from Andy’s backpack.

Clink, clank, clink. It sounded like . . . coins.

Woody rushed over and unzipped the backpack. Out tumbled Hamm!

“Hamm, you big pink pig!” Woody said. “What were you doing in there?”

“Andy took me to school to collect money for a soccer fundraiser,” Hamm said. He gave a proud rattle. “Just listen to all that change. This is one happy pig!”

“But we thought you were in trouble,” Buzz said. “There were piles of coins all over the house.”

“Oh, that was just Andy playing,” Hamm replied. “He was tossing me in the air like a baseball when we left this morning. And Buster was following us, drooling everywhere. That dog needs some toys.”

“Well, it’s sure good to have you back,” Woody said. “Andy’s room just wasn’t the same without you.”